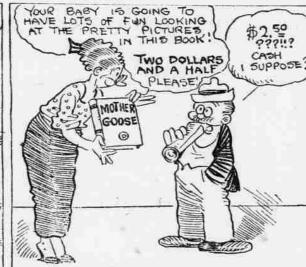


TOOTS AND CASPER-Casper's Game to His Last Cent. TILL MAIL TOOTS THIS COPY OF HER HOME
TOWN PAPER! IT'LL HELP HER PASS THE
TIME AT THE SEA SHORE! SHE LIKES TO
READ WHAT HER OLD FRIENDS ARE
DONG!! NOW I'M GOWNA LOOK UP A TOY
TO MAIL BABY. THE YOUR HOME TOWN PAPER HERE







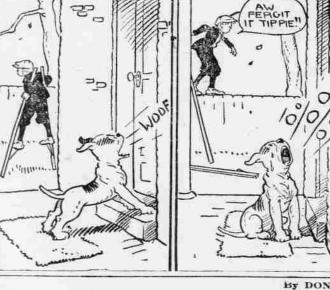
THE OUTTA-LUCK CLUB-Claude Rises in the World. HEY LUTE! TAN THE L THINK OF MY SIGN YOUNG KID CLAUDES TRAININ 6 QUARTERS



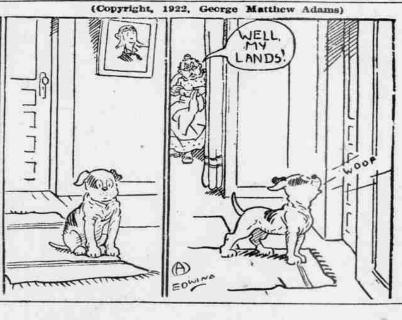




"CAP" STUBI'S - Cipple Had Better Make Up His Mind!







THERES A FINE MUDPUDDLE, HENRY!

and Winter coming!

By DONAHEY



SCHOOL DAYS

DONT MISS IT! 60 ON, WALK THRU IT! SEE HOW NICE AND JUICEY IT IS! RICH, BLACK, STICKY MUD! YOU'D QUENT NT GO ON , WALK IN IT! YOUR SHOES LEAK TO DO IT AT ALL! AND YOUR FEET WILL GET GOOD AND WET! MESSE YOU'LL CATCH COLD. THAT'S RIGHT! STEP HIND'O HARD SO'S IT'LL SPLASH UP ON YOUR CLUTHES. HOW YOU'D THAT'S FINE! REALLY OWERT TO PLAY HOOKEY 30'S YOU CAN BUILD A FIRE AND DRY MEBBE YOU CAN YOUR SHOES-BURN EM' A LITTLE -



When A Girl **Marries**

By ANNE LISLE.

The man carried our provisions into the kitchen and Betty went around lighting the lamps, Her movements had a feverish rush. I stood back and watched as the amoer and rose lights pricked out in her great living room. It had no suggestion of mustiness, but instead carried the aroma of liveableness - almost of having been lived in recently.

"I feel better now. I can manage somehow, now that I'm home," said

"May I telephone Virginia?" I ventured.

"You don't think I let her worry! We had it out this morning. She saw she couldn't stop me—so she didn't try to fight me," replied Betty simply.

"But she didn't approve?" I gasped. "She wasn't ready to subscribe we your being here alone, even for one night?'

"She didn't have to worry, said Betty grimly. "I told her I wouldn't be alone. I promised her you'd come here and live with me."

"I?" I repeated dully.

As I put the word, I seemed to feel Carlotta's eyes on mine—demanding pleading. "You want me to come here to live?" I murmured.

CHAPTER 728.

"You will come and live with me, won't you, Anne?" asked Betty simply.

"How can I-leave Carlotta Sturges?" I gasped.
"She doesn't need you," said Betty. serenely. She just took you in -

give you a home. She's sturdy and independent, She has plenty of money and that big house. But I'm alone. I hardly think I can bear being alone. Still, I can't live with Virginia. I can't go to a boarding nouse. I must have my home, Anne?" The word held a volume of pleading and something of insistence. "I can't answer you this minute,"

murmured. "I'm hungry," Betty almost whim-

pered, "Hungry for the first time. But don't think I can eat a bite until I know. If I have to leave this home of mine and go out to—take charity from strangers"—
"Stop, Betty!" I cried, stunned into

action by that word 'charity,' which so cruelly reminded me how near Betty is to charity-thanks to us-

to Jim and me.
"Let's not get into a discussion of ways and means until we've had a good meal and are cosy and comfy and over our nerve-tiredness. I've had a pretty strenuous day —"
"And I'm a brute," murmured

Betty, sounding something like her pld generous self in spite of the strained weariness of her voice. "I'm so busy being sorry for myselef that I don't think of other folks. I don't deserve to have a friend in the world. Let's lay the table."

There was a note of explosive en-ergy in her suggestion, and I acted upon it. We both got tremendously busy at once, pulling out drawers and gathering up silver and linens, unwrapping packages, selecting china and glassware, slicing bread, chopping ice, arranging the food on plat-ters and trays. I flung myself into the task and said no word that didn't have to do with such matters as the whereabouts of the ice pick or the kind of place plates Betty wanted

By Edwins

By DWIG

When at last everything was in order and the coffee set back on the stove to keep hot, we went into the dining room and fell upon our repast with the appetite our labors had earned. All through the little supper our talk remained on the surface of things, but part of my mind was wrestling with the situation. I felt sure that Betty also was thinking of things deeper than she discussed. At last she pushed back her empty coffee cup, folded her arms in front of her on the table and looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Have you decided what to do about me?" she asked.

"I've decided to carry out my plan of offering you a job," I replied, parrying her question with an implied one of my own.

"I need to go to work, don't I?" asked Betty simply. "Our affairs are badly involved. We haven't much ready cash, have we?"

Ignoring that pathetic and uncon-scious "we," I replied, with no attempt to run away from facts.

"Your affairs are involved in Jim's. I don't now how much you've guessed. I don't know how much Jeanle has told you, but I'm working, and making a go of it. Jim's down in Mexico trying to save his fortune and that of the friends who invested through him. It broke his heart to think that if he failed you folks would go with him."

"He'd hate it more than ever, now I'm alone," commented Betty almost

"Yes," I agreed. "It's all compli-cated. We'll go into it later. But right this minute I've a going concern and have only one partner. I need another. You could learn the business in next to no time. It would be a favor to me, and it would put you beyond any present need." "And when Jim comes back he

won't have me on his mind - he won't feel that I'm a pensioner on bounty," commented Betty shrewdly.

"It won't come to that. Jim will pull through," I replied.
"Better if he hasn't any extra bur-

dens,' said Betty quietly. you've a going business, you're not a

"No; I am an asset," I smiled.

"And you've room for me?" "Room and the need," I said. "Virginia wouldn't particularly ap-

prove, would she?" Betty asked quickly. "Probably not," I confessed. "She hated to see me 'go into trade.' She'll loathe seeing me drag you in."

"That won't matter," Betty replied with amazing conciseness, "I gave her clearly to understand that if I couldn't shake off my daze and the terrible dependence that's chaining me and making a parasite of me-

I'd go to pleces. "I couldn't stay there and graft on her and Pat. I forced her to see it She gave in to my coming home. She saw the wisdom of our living together. It all ties up Perfectly. There isn't a loose thread. I go into bust-ness with you. You come to live

with me. I'm sure it's right."
(To Be Continued)

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